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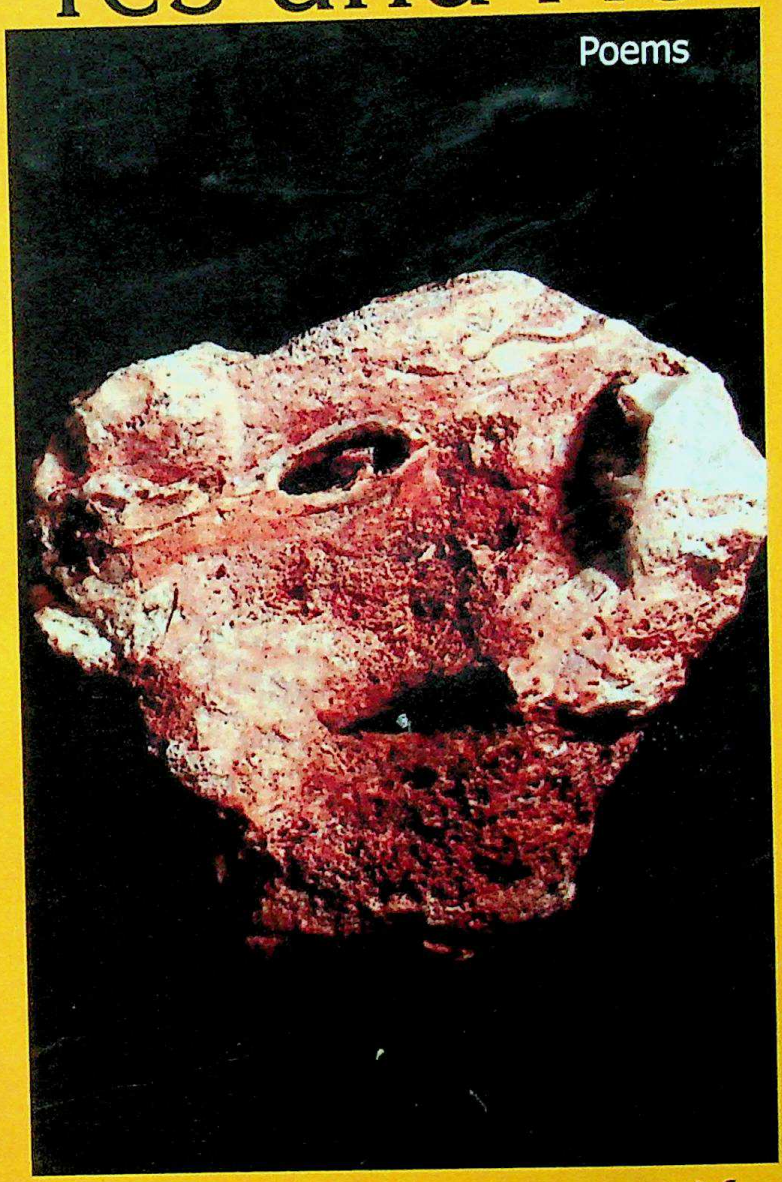
Yes and No



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Yes and No

(Poems)

Compliments from
Virender Rawal

K L Tiku

G.M. College of Education
Raipur, Bantalab
Jammu.
Acc No. 3740 (D)
Dated 17/10/2022

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DTP : IILS DTP CENTER
Rinku Koul # 94191 36369

Published by : Mizgaan Publications
21-B, Alimuddin Street
2nd Floor, Kolkata - 16
E-mail : mizgaanpublications@gmail.com
Mobile : +91-98301 26311

Printed at : Unique Impression
1-R, Chatu Babu Lane,
Kolkata - 700014

Edition : 2013

Price : ₹150

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♦♦♦♦

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Humility

You smile
when you are rebuked.
You laugh
when snubbed and taunted.
You love
when hated.
The more I disrespect you
the more you become humble.
Your humility kills me.

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Walls

More mosques
more temples and churches
more walls.
Man, remember, the creator is a destroyer too.
Dispel intolerance and stupidity.
Dismantle the walls
otherwise you will go down the drain
unsung and unheard.

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Deception

Minds grim but faces shining.
Dejection behind every smile.
Hidden tears in dazzling eyes.
Smiling face with painful wrinkles.

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Bridge

Ignorance causes ripples and splits.
Love is shallow
openness hallow.
Slight breeze uproots the weak.
Loneliness breeds venom
and minds get walled.
The voice of soul guides
builds the bridges
and radiates humanity.

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Wounds

Dancing snowflakes
whiten the whole
stimulate her rosy cheeks.
Her plaits
swing like icicles.
We shiver
and embrace.
The warmth
sets the snow on fire.
The snow engulfs her
and leaves me
screaming.

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Devout

Poor man,

you pluck me
to offer to your Lord!
With blessings I sprout.
Unknown hands nurse me.
Purity
blooms me.
Divinity brims up my fragrance.
The oblations elevate me.
O, poor man
you squeeze me
with your crookedness.
I wish I were a thorn!
I would prick you to bleed.
But, no,
I am a little flower.
Would the plucking
make you great?
Do you know I am
a devout....

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Lotus

Calmly blooms from slush
remains upward
swings with nobility
churns mud
to get nectar.
Petals smile with lovely hues.
Gods revere.
Benevolence enchants,
spells and makes her dance.

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Flute

I have no entity,
identity.
My pain is relieved
when somebody blows me.
When he is delighted
I am happy.
When he is sorrowful
my rhythms suffer.
I am in your breath.
I know you are in my holes.
I have forgotten
when my bosom was pierced.

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Ingratitude

Nature bestows necessities.
Mountains bear the brunt of glaciers.
Their drips
evolve in streams and falls
and
provide nectar.
Greenery,
vegetation,
dunes,
seas,
singing birds,
jumping animals,
juicy fruits,
and cereals
sustain life.
Open
the gates of knowledge
and romance.
Humans rape
and rob nature.
Tears come out,
blood drips
and fear tatters everywhere.

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Scissors

Ordinary or precious
scissors are scissors.
They cut and separate.
Ordinary or precious
needle is a needle.
It stitches and joins.
Blunt needle or blunt scissors
give pain.

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Feeling

Feeling
kicks bio-energy
and culminates in nobility.
Feeling
results in self-destruction.
Feeling
causes perversion and humiliation.
Feelings cultivate
contentment.
Feeling makes
and feeling finishes.

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Understanding

Knowing but understanding less
creates confusion.
Camera captures
but eyes see beyond...
A sculptor
sees pain and pleasure
in a stone.
Fixed notions
often deliver negations.

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Change

Change is unending.
Permanence is but an illusion.
Ego of eternity causes confusion.
Inner conflicts
impair the self.
Change gives joy and
keeps one relaxed.
Relaxation leads to enlightenment.

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Frame

Your bewitching smile penetrates me.
Gaze causes ripples.
Difficult to take you in arms!
Before my success I am snubbed and knocked.
You trampled upon me
but I kept you in a frame,
offered tears.
Autumns and winters passed.
Your foggy appearance
puts me in trance.
And I smile.

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Reshvar

Kashyap's craftsmanship!
Snowy peaks,
dense forests,
dancing rivers,
musical falls,
cool fragrances,
purple lakes,
enchanting flowerbeds,
juicy fruits and
zigzag paths.
Live and let live.
Truth and soul.
Beauty of tolerance.
Realization of self.
Oh, Kashyap's Reshvar!
Intolerance,
hatred
and bigotry.
Converts bury truth and history,
beauty is debased
history distorted.

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temples desecrated
and rivers
dump the dead.
O,God,
let the incessant rains
inundate the valley
wash its stains.

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Slippery Path

Pain and prayers
cause clouds
and showers,
faces glow,
trees appear drunk
and swing with joy,
blades of grass shed pearls,
streams dance,
birds chirp,
laughing bubbles
excite her
to sing,
scream
and dance.
She gets drenched and
displays every contour of her body.
Whenever it rains,
paths become slippery
and the
sizzling youth slips.

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Voice

My melody
attracts her to the window.
Her innocent looks
and
sorrowful eyes
flutter
and afflict me.
Took her in arms:
'Pray, open petal-like lips,
allow the words to flow.'
She pointed
'Alas, my voice is impaired.'
I was shocked
and embraced her.
'Dear, the window is witness.
Tongue will be mine,
voice yours.'

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Embers

Seated on a mound of snow
she radiates a glow.
Suddenly she says:
'When my silence
is not understood
how can the word *be*?
When eyes can't be read,
how can the shiver of lips *be*?

♦♦

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Himalaya

Himalaya tamed you,
your flow evolved
civilizations,
religions and faiths.
With your flow flows spirituality.
Rising and setting sun pays you obeisance.
From ages you sustain humans.
You are witness to changing histories.
A dip
kindles minds.
You quench thirst of millions.
You are love
but greed tarnishes you.
Inhuman dump in you
the illicit children,
carcasses,
refuse,
and defile you.
Your cries go unheard.
You shiver,
Shiva frowns.

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Spinning Wheel

Spent life
at the spinning wheel.
Unable to spin now.
Threads
get entangled.
Multiple knots of ignorance
blunt and crack the spindle.
I cry.
Suddenly a voice whispers:
'Dear,
spin the wheel of your
morbid intellect,
you will feel
gratified.'

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Surrender

Not infatuation
but total surrender.
It has no extremity.
Its intense warmth
evaporates frozen ego.
Its chill freezes the burning sun.
It sobs,
sings in ecstasy,
fumbles and stumbles,
lights the cosmos
and
leads to oneness.

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Deathless

Love sparkles with sacrifices.
Love is surrender.
It beams with radiance.
A lover
never expresses anguish.
Suffers,
and
perishes.

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Water

O, drop of water,
tell me what you are—-
the product of an unseen compound,
the colourless, odourless,
and tasteless!
You roar
when in anger.
Are you
anger, enmity or grudge?
You flow through the hamlets
tossing, crossing and creating the music
when you are in love.
Are you
music, love or charm.
The parched earth blooms with your shower.
You quench thirst of the thirsty,
you wash away the stains,
you rise from the oceans and merge
in the skies.
You return to meet

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the beloved earth
un-tired, unflinching.
Are you
pious, noble and serene.
Even gods are bathed,
You
give the dead peace.
Are you
a drop, an ocean, invisible,
or visible nectar?
O, drop of water,
what sin have you committed
that you are unable
to wash the stain you yourself give
when you become brackish.

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Silence

Silence is like a dewdrop
on lotus,
radiating glaze of pearls.
It never betrays.
It melts the frozen minds,
tears out darkness
with soft musical whisper.

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Mom

Drunken father's cruelty
trampled my mom.
Violence and insensibility
made me sick.
Instead of milk
I suck the nipples of drugs
which peal me off within.
Pity and sympathy anger me.
On the thorny paths of loveless life
I stumble and the blood oozes out.
Suddenly a warm tear falls
on my cold cheek.
Who was she?
Mournful voice whispers:
'Dear, I see my lost child in you.'

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Optimistic

Sparkling and smiling sky
was suddenly overcast,
the monstrous clouds spread darkness
and the demonic figures
showered fiery flames,
deafening bursts turned the faces pale.
Vultures and kites dived deep
to devour.
Every soul shrilled, shivered and sank,
prayed within for life
and then, after a long tearful wait,
a pleasing breeze blew.
The clouds diffused,
the relaxed rainbow smiled,
the gloomy wrinkles were no more.
Hovering white pigeons brightened all.
Every sullen face looked optimistic.

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Slip

The scorching sun has spread
a pale carpet and
scattered the heat of restlessness.
The silent painful prayers
challenge the clouds to strike.
The torrential rain
soothes.
Every face looks youthful,
the dancing trees are drunk,
the dewdrops roll down
the edges of the grass.
The chirping birds fly
over the flowing waters.
And those scented bubbles
prompt and prompt much
infusing the sensitivity
and awakening the resources.
The wet eyelids are lost.
The shivering and thirsty lips unfold:
'Whenever the rain comes,
the paths slip away
as I slipped unwittingly.'

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Trap

Negligence soaks my senses.
The hands of the clock tick and
I am liberated from bonny trap.
In emptiness,
I jeer, gaze and howl.
Prickly heat
and
freezing cold
pose threats.
Thorns get embedded.
Hunger and thirst exhaust.
Strange figures hover
and give an account of action.
I cross the tunnel.
The other end is
rosy, picturesque,
pleasing and beautiful.
There is
purity
and plenty to relish.
Again I am planted
in a dark fleshy cage,
sandwiched and crushed.
Time banishes me
from fleshy cage.
I weep.

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Tear

The pit
is a mystery.
It gulped you.
But your bravery
frustrated
the purpose of the pit.
You won the battle of life.
In Kurukshetra
lakhs cheered you.
Mark the irony!
Unborn females
and amputated limbs
of lifted children are dumped.
For the unfortunate
there is not a single tear.

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Trident

The invaders
unsheathed swords,
spilled blood for conversion
and
reddened the sacred
Ganga and Narmada.
Churn, churn
your ocean-like mind
vigorously
till a valiant
emerges
with Shiva's trident.
Infuses valour in our dormancy
and
for peace
prepare us for war.

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Love and Hate

They came and stripped me.
The mirror reflected
my helplessness.
I remained confused between
'Yes' and 'No',
sin and sanctity,
till he arrived.
Fed him with contradictions
and conflicts.
Brought him up with hate
and love.
One day he asked:
'Mom, who is my dad?'
I felt that my motherhood
was being chopped.

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Pincers

Unending meditation,
devout feelings
and the heavenly songs
earned him the blessings of Ma Sharika
and the love of Lord Shiva.
Sacred flames of fumigation
tore the darkness,
ash with divine powers
cured diseases,
rescued the trapped,
blessed the seekers,
fondled the innocent,
showered love,
wiped the tears,
crushed the enemies with pincers,
reassured the homeless devotees
of their return.
Whosoever touches your lotus feet,
is blessed and transformed.

(For Bhagwan Gopinath)

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Infatuation

Knowledge,
subtle mind,
innocence,
and sweet temperament
enhanced her popularity.
Charming smiles,
soft words
earned her a name.
Suddenly her U turn
clouded her 'I'
with negativities.
One day she hacked her ailing father,
mother,
brother
and sister
for their 'NO' to her 'YES' to
an unlettered wood-cutter.
Is it
love
or
mad infatuation?

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Wrath

Death everywhere.
Hapless weep.
The looter laughs.
Suddenly she moans:
'Leave some alcove,
soon death will trap us all.'

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String

Her dusty and unkempt hair,
aching body,
torn clothes,
and loose trousers
uncover a story.
She gasps.
In a choking voice
she screams:
'The rascal
nibbled me.'
Father succumbs.
Suddenly she thunders:
'Humiliations
will never end.'

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Touches

Blissful lap,
fond kisses,
lovable hugs,
and warmth of tears
give me a heavenly
feeling of motherhood.
Accursed blindness
makes me cry.
Yet we express love
through finger touch.
Now the stick is my wayfarer.
I shout, shrill,
fumble and grind teeth.
A soft and warm embrace
calms and cools me.
Voice whispers:
'Dear, we are made for
each other.'
Now fingertips have eyes.

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Words

Every moment new
thoughts sprout,
sustain
and get dissolved.
Series of words make sentences,
give pain and pleasure.
Their duality betrays,
causes distances.
Pure sentences
enlighten
and cool the agitated minds
and revel.

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Power

When the gardener is reckless
thorns multiply and
give bleeding wounds.
Indifference and lethargy
rob valour.
Cowardice surfaces.
Illegitimate children of Jai Chand and Ambi
raise their ugly heads and display
power,
through violence
become headless philosophers.
They bark out:
'There is no Ram, no Ramayana.'
Awake, awake,
my countrymen,
demolish the attics of power,
burn philosophies,
crush the perverts,
sickle down the baseless ego
restore the glory of Ram and Ramayana.

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Reason

Desolated paths
and gutted houses....
hissing
and spitting snakes
crawl...
Withered flowers, fallen trees and
defaced shrines
speak of calamity.
Fear of the devouring dragon
turns the sun pale and listless.
Age and kinship
are no bar
for perverts.
Fanatics uphold maiming and mutilation.
Loud and violent laughs rob
innocent smiles.
Prophets of Darkness are
keen to darken all.
Poor reason bleeds,
and
gasps for the breath of freedom.

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Bud

Beauteous bud,
beware of thorny paths,
move with care
otherwise
watering mouths will nibble.
Admirers often rape.
Spiritual guru bites.
How simple are you!
Searching the trust
in this graveyard.

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Blockade

Repeated lies
confuse and distort the truth.
Killers are adored as martyrs.
Freedom stole my freedom.
The right to have rights devoured my rights.

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Treasure

Music
deepens the vibrations.
True love is
the moth
who
whirls
to burn.
The ashes
are a deception.
The fire is a hidden reality.
A tear in the eye
is love.
Suffering
is a treasure.

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Beauty

Beauty is on fire.
Flames burn motionless.
Tears roll down.
The crematorium is in mourning.
Away from the mourners
the door of a hut opens.
She crosses a stream.
Roses covered her bosom.
Mourners gazed.
She was a beauty.
Crematorium changed into a garden,
full of blooming buds.
Fragrance was everywhere.
From the crowd someone cried:
'The king is dead. Long live the king.'

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Ashes

On the bank of a river
there was a pyre made of
sandalwood.
There were mourners all around.
Flowers and the holy water were
in their hands.
On the opposite bank
someone was collecting
half-burnt wood
to make a new pyre.
There were no mourners.
Social activists lit up the pyre.
He was a street singer who walked
with a limp.
He amused the strangers
with his flute
and melodious voice.
The mourners crossed the stream,
paid obeisance.
From the flames echoed the flute.
A poet was writing a poem under a
tree:

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'They were friends and
lovers.
The wall of money separated them.'
In the morning the ashes
of both were immersed
in the stream.
The ashes mingled
with the ashes.
They were one.

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Cyst and Mole

The cyst
on your black face
is more attractive
than the mole
on her beautiful face.

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Hope Kills Hapless

Hunger screams.
But TB is in air,
dysentery in water.
Politics is feeding the graves.
At the end of slums
there is hope
which kills the hapless.

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Blind Creation

Were you blind
to give me the eyes?
Do you know?
For seeing
eyes are torn out,
for voicing
tongue is chopped

♦♦

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Beyond time

Brightness was hidden behind
the dust.
Sculptors chiseled it.
Maturity glazed.
Sufferings emboldened.
Almighty infused light in it.
The stone was no more a stone,
but a gem
radiating rays
to soothe the peace-less.
Saraswati blessed him.
All the eyes now fixed towards the stage,
a stage of life.
The voice reached skies.
The melody filled the air
with an aroma.
It healed the wounds.
But alas! Nature inflicted him a deep gash,
that bled unending.
But he lidded it

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with a scar.
And the wound never healed.
But the inner never stopped.
He was a mission.
'Burn thyself to illuminate the world'.
He gave life to his lovers.
.....
He is on pyre.
There are no flames.
Music is coming out from the crematorium.
And his lovers are singing——
Singing peace
beyond the peripheries of
time.

(For Jagjit Singh)

♦♦

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Thirst

Sun sucks earth.
Earth whispers
through the cracks.
The cool breeze blows.
Porous clouds get impregnated.
Mountains embrace them.
The thunder is heard.
The atmosphere gets romantic.
Cheering earth yawns.
Drinks like winy sips.
Floating bubbles dance.
The birds sing.
After seek and hide
both feel pride.
Embrace each other.
Emotional strings play.
Both get drenched.
Quench their thirst.
A new life is born.

♦♦

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Identity

I can decode
the rise and fall of civilizations.
I radiate in temples.
Guard every grave.

Murmuring waters play on my chest.
I am at jetty.
Beauty beats me.
I enjoy.

I am in Taj.
I am decaying.
Notoriety pains me.
They say, 'he was stoned to death.'

♦♦

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Gandhi Memorial College Of Education Bantalab Jammu

...M. College of Education
Raipur, Bantalab
Jammu.
Acc No...3740(B)
Dated...17/10/2022

Author

♦♦

Born in 1939 at Sehyar, Alikadal, Srinagar, Kashmir, K L Tiku left Kashmir at the age of twenty-five. He served in Guru Nanak College, Dabwali as a Professor of Political Science till 2000. Due to turbulence in Kashmir, he could not return to his homeland and is at present residing in Jammu.

K L Tiku has the privilege of being a descendent of great poets like Bawani Das Kachroo from maternal side and Pandit Sukh Jeewan Das Tiku from paternal side.

Tiku's first anthology of poems *The Track* was published in 2006. The poems in *Yes And No* reflect his deep understanding on the degrading political and socio-cultural values.

♦♦

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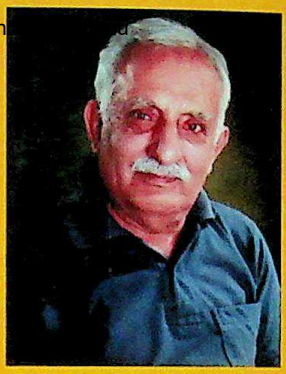

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Yes and No

K. L. Tiku

Edition 2013
Price: ₹150

A presentation of
Mizgaan Publications
مژگان پبلی کیشنز
9 8 3 0 1 2 6 3 1 1
E-mail : naushadmomin@rediffmail.com

Cover Design By : Ahmed Iqbal Siddiqui Mob. 9331094800,

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